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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Nice Wanton

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1560
[*B.M. Press-mark C.* 12, *e.* 20]

Date of another Edition, printed by John Allde (also reproduced in facsimile in this series), *c.* 1565
[*B.M. Press-mark C.* 34, *i.* 24]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

Nice Wanton * King edition

965 20
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 87.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Nice Wanton

1560

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX

96522
2/16/59

PR
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1560a

Nice Wanton

Another edition of this interlude printed (*according to the B.M. General Catalogue*) c. 1565 *has already been issued in facsimile in this series, the original having turned up amongst three hitherto "lost plays," four "unknown editions," and other rarities in the notable "Irish find" of* 1906.

There is ample proof that the British Museum authorities did well to secure all "the lost" and all "the unknown." The edition of "Nice Wanton" then recovered is, for example, of supreme importance in restoring lacunæ, *correcting errors* (*not always obvious*) *of the press, and most important of all, in providing better and intelligible readings of many rough-cast, doubtful, obscure and* (*sometimes*) *unmeaning passages in the edition as printed by John King and now presented in facsimile.* King's craftmanship is no doubt slovenly—*

* *I instance a few examples as specimens of many :—*

(1) A. iii. verso, *line* 10, Cupliade, my chyldren naught, ye lye, *in Allde's edition this is correctly given as* Cup Lady, *&c. &c. Previous editors were puzzled: Hazlitt correctly gave King's reading, but printed* "Gup liar," *&c.; Prof. Manly's copyist wrote* "Eupliade" (*the Gothic* C *is broken*), *which he "edited" as* "Eulalia," *&c. &c.*

(2) A. iiii. recto, *lines* 16, 17, Well, it is no matter Though ye do, *&c. Allde corrects this to* Well . . . Though you doo not, *&c., an important and intelligible variation.*

(3) A. iv. verso, *last line but one,* Here sirs, come on seuen, *in Allde corrected to* Heer six come on seuen; *which, as dicing is in progress, is obviously the true reading.*

And so forth throughout the play in numerous cases.

also, to wit, is "Impatient Poverty" printed by him, as was this play, in 1560—*but so careless is his work and so curious are the variations between King's text and that of John Allde on the one hand, and so marked, on the other hand, is the general "polish" of the Allde version, that one is tempted to suspect an earlier edition than both, at present unknown, as the common source of the two texts now extant. The topical allusions also merit comparison in this connection. Professor Manly in his "Pre-Shakesperean Drama" (I.* 479, *lines* 545–552 *and note) points out that "from the rhymes* [i.e. *of the prayer at the end,* C. ii. recto, *lines* 16–23] . . . *this play was originally composed for production before a King," whereas the earliest known edition is dated* 2 *Elizabeth. This contention is curiously confirmed by the reading in Allde's edition* (q.v.). *Professor Manly says "written before the death of Edward VI.," but internal evidence*—inter alia *the oath "by the masse"* (passim)—*seems to indicate a still earlier date.*

So far the questions of editions and dates: that of authorship remains. "Nice Wanton" has sometimes been attributed to Thomas Ingelend, the author of "The Disobedient Child," but nothing definite is known. Of Ingelend himself there is also little to say beyond the fact that when he wrote that play he was "late Student in Cambridge."

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports the production as generally excellent. If the "Allde" facsimile (sent out to subscribers early in

March 1907) *be compared with the present issue it will be observed that the latter is, though worse printed in the original, sharper and clearer. This is due to the more suitable paper now used for these facsimiles, though here and there a slight unevenness of "impression" may be detected: see Note in Introduction of "Like Will to Like."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

A Pleasaty Interlude called, Nice wanton.

Wherein ye may see,
Three braunces of an yll tree,
The mother and her chyldren three,
Two naught, and one godlye.

Early sharpe, that wyll be thorne,
Soone yll, that wyll be naught:
To be naught, better vnborne,
Better vnsed, then naughtely taught.

Ne magnus magnos, parvos puerilia decerns.

Personages.

The Messenger.

Barnabas.	Iniquitie, daily errand.
Ismael.	Fantipe.
Dalila.	Worldly shame.
Eulalia.	Daniel the iudge.

Anno Domini.
M.D.L.E.

¶ The Prologue.

THe prudent Prince Salomon, doth say,
He that spareth the rod, the child doth hate
He wold youth shuld be kept in awe alwaye.
By correction in tyme at reasonable rate,
To be taught to fear god, and theyr parents obey
To get learning and qualities, thereby to maintain
An honest quiet lyfe, correspondent alway,
To gods law and the kynges, for it is certayne.
If children be noseled in idlenes and yll,
And brought up therin, it is hard to restrayne,
And draw them from naturall wont euyll,
As here in thys Interlude, ye shall se playne.
By two children brought up wantonly in play,
whom ỹ mother doth extreme, whē she shuld chastise
They delyte in dalliaunce and mischiefe alway.
At last they ende theyr lyues in miserable wyse.
The mother perswaded by worldly shame;
That she was the cause of theyr wretched lyfe,
So pensife, so sorowfull, for theyr death, she became,
That in despaire she would haue her self with a knife
Then her sonne Barnabas, (by interpretacyon,
The sonne of comfort,) her yll purpose do stay,
By the scriptures he geueth her godly consolation
And so concludeth, all these partes wyll we playe.

Barnabas commeth.

My mayster in my lesson yester day,
Dyd recite this text of Ecclesiasticus,
man is prone, to euil, frō hys youth, did he say
Wherby sentence may wel be verified in vs
My sister, my brother, and sister Dalila,
Whom our parentes to theyr cost to scoole do synde
I tary for them here, time palleth away,
I loose my learnyng, they euer loyter behynde.
If I go before, they do me threate,
To complayne to my mother, she for theyr sake,
Being her tender tidlynges, wyll me beate:
Lorde, in thys perplexite ye, what way shall I take?
What wyl become of them? grace god them sende,
To apply their learnyng, and theyr maners amend.
Here we comen, and here we louen,
And here we will abide abyde ay.
Fye brother fye, & specyally your sister Dalila,
Sobrenes becommeth maydes alway
What ye dolt ye be cumet in one sonner,
yea sir it shall cost you blowes ere it be longe,
Be ye not ashamed the treasaundes to play?
Losing your time & learning, & that euery day
Lernyng bringeth knowledge of god, & honest liuing
yea mary, I warrant you, master hodypeke, (to gee
Learne a pace syster, and after to spyn and sowe,
And other honest huswifely poyntes to knowe.
Spyn quod he, yea by ꝑ masse, & ꝺ youre heles bp
For a good mouse hunt, is cat after kyng.
Lewd spekyng corrupteth good maners ſ. Paule
Come, let vs go, if ye wil to scole thys day
I shal be shent for tarying so longe,

Barnabas.
Ismael
Dalila
commeth
syng.
Barnabas.
Dalila
Ismael
Barnabas.
Dalila
Barnabas.
Ismael
Barnabas.
goeth out

Ismael Go get the hence, thy mouth full of horse donge.
Now prety syster, what sport shall we deuyse?
Thus paltyng to scole, I thynke vs vnwyse
In sommer dye for thyrst, in wynter for colde,
And styl to liue in feare of a churle, who would?
Dalila. Not I by the masse, I had rather be hanged were
Then I would syt quakyng like a mome for feare
I am sonne burned in sommer, in winter the colde,
Maketh my limmes grosse, and my beauty decay,
If I should vse it, as they would I should,
I should neuer be fayre woman I dare say.
Ismael No syster no, but I can tell,
Where we shal haue good chiere,
Lusty companyons two or three,
At good wyne, ale and biere.
Dalila. Oh good brother let vs go,
I wyll neuer go more to to scoole,
Shall I neuer knowe,
what pallyme meaneth?
yes, I wyll not be suche a foole.
Ismael Haue with the Dalila,
fare well our scoole,
They rolle vpe their eyes. Away with bohe and all,
I wyll set my heart,
On a mery pynne,
what euer shall be fall.
Dalila. Lorde what folly is in youth?
Howe vnhappy be chyldren now a dayes?
And the more pitye, to say the truth,
Their parentes mainteyn them in euyll wayes:
which is a great cause that the world decayes,
For chyldren brought vp in ydlenes and play,

vnthrifty

vnthryfty and dysobedient, continue alway.
A neyghbour of myne hath chyldren here by,
ydle, dysobedyent, proude, wanton and nyce.
As they come by, they do shrewed turnes daily,
Their parentes so to suffer them surely, be not wise
They laugh me to scorne, whē I tel thē mine aduise,
I wil speake vnto their elders & warne thē neighborly
Neuer in better tyme, their mother is here by,
God saue you gossyp, I am very fayne,
That you chaunce now to come thys way,
I longe to talke with you a word or twayne,
I pray you take it frendly that I shall say:
Ismael your sonne, and your daughter Dalila.
Do me shrewde turnes, dayly more and more,
Chyde and beat my chyldren, it greueth me sore.
They sweare, curse & scold, as they go by ẏ way,
Giuyng other yll ensample to do the same,
To gods displeasure, and they hurt an other day,
Chastyce them for it, or els ye be to blame.
Tushe tushe, if ye haue no more then that to saye, Fātipp
ye maye holde your tonge and get ye awaye,
Alas poore soules, they sit a scoole all day,
In feare of a churle, & yf a lytle they play,
He beateth them lyke a deuyl: when they come home
your mestreshyp would haue me lay on,
If I should beate them so oft as men complayne,
By ẏ masse w in this monthy, I shuld make thē lame
Be not offended I pray you, I must say more, eulalia.
your sonne is suspect, lyght fyngered to be.
your daughter hath nyce trickes three or foure,
Se to it in tyme, leaste worse ye do see.
He that spareth the rod, hateth the chyld truely,

yet Salomon louyd correction both meane,
Not to beate and bounce them to make them lame.

Ytippe God thanke you meistres, I am well at ease
Such a foole to teache me, preachyng as ye please,
Blame ye beste them deadly I know playne,
Because they go handsomly ye disdayne,

Italia. Then on the other as well would I complayne,
But your other sonne is good, and no thanke to you
These wyl ye make naught by swete Jesu.

Ytippe Cupiade, my children naught, ye lye,
By your malyce they shal not set a flye,
I haue but one meine, in comparison of hys brother
Him the foole prayseth, and despiseth the other.

Italia. Well Tantippe, better in time, then to late,
Seing ye take it so, here my leaue I take. Exit.

Ytippe Mary good leaue haue ye, the great god deuyll
My children or I be curst I thinke,
They be complayned on where euer they go,
That for theyr pleasure they might drynke.
Nay by thys the poor soules be come frō ferle werry,
I will go get them meate to make them merry.

Iniqui. Lo, lo, here I hyngyer (Iniquitie, Ismael,
Ismael what is the now we ye haue her? (and Dalila, come in
Dalila. I lully mynyon louer. (together.
Iniqui. For no golde wyll I gyue her
Ismael together welcome my hony ay.
Iniqui. Oh my heart. Here he spoaketh,
Thys wenche can synge,
And play her parte,

Dalila. I am yours (and you mine) with all my hart.
Iniqui. By the masse it is well songe,
were ye not sory ye were a mayd so longe?

Ita

Fye maister iniquitie fye, I am a mayd yet, Dalila
No sister no, your maidenhead is sicke: Ismael
That knaue your brother wyl be a blabbe styl, Iniqui
I wisse Dalila ye can say as muche by him, if ye wil.
By him quod ha, he hath whores two or three, Dalila
But ich a tell your minion doll, by gogs body:
It skylleth not she doth holde you as muche
ye lye falsly, she wyll play me no suche touche, Ismael
Not she, yes to do your heart good Dalila
I could tell you who putteth a bone in your hood.
Peace whore, or ye beare me a bore an theare, Ismael
Here is mine eare knaue, stryke and thou dare, Dalila
To suffer him thus ye be no man,
If ye wyl not reuenge me, I wyl fynd one,
To set so litle by me, ye were not wont,
Well, it is no matter,
Though ye do ceteri nolunt,
Peace Dalila, speake ye laten poore foole, Iniqui
No no, but a piquerye I learned at scoole. Dalila
yea syster, you went to scole til ye were nyll grace Ismael
yea, so dydst thou by thy knaues face, Dalila
Well, no more a do, let all thys go, Iniqui
We kinsfolke must be frendes, it must be so.
Come on come on come on, He calleth dice on the boord.
Here they be, that wyll do vs al good,
If ye vse it long, your hear wil grow throught your Ismael
Come on knaue with christes curse, Iniqui
I must haue some of the mony,
Thou hast pickt out of thy fathers purse,
Ye, by the masse if he can get his purse, Dalila
Nay marke then he maketh it, by halfe the worse.
I desire you both whore and knaue, Ismael

niqui. what ye pryncockes, begin ye to raue?
Come on.
alila. Mayster Iniquitie, by your leaue,
I wyll play a crowne or two here by your sleue
smael. Then be ye seruaunt to a worshypfull man.
Mayster Iniquitie, a right name by saint Johyn.
alila. What can ye say by mayster Inquitie?
I loue hym and his name most hertely,
niqui. God a mercy Dalila, good lucke, I warrant the,
e kisseth I wil thryue you both by and by,
smael Come on, but hyll let vs haue a longe.
alila. I am content, so that it be not longe.

Iniquitie and Dalila singe.

niqui. Golde lockes,
She must haue knockes,
Or els I do her wronge,
alila. when ye haue your wyl,
ye were best lye styll,
The winter nightes be longe
niqui. when I me may,
An other allay,
I wyl take it for no wronge:
alila. Then by the roode,
I bone in your hoode,
I shall pyll ere it be longe.
smael She macheth you sir a.
niqui. By gogs bloud she is the best whore in England.
alila. It is knauishly prayed, gyue me your hand.
niqui. I woud thou haddes suche in other,
smael By the masse rather then .xl. pound brother.
niqui. Here sirs, come on seuen. They let him.
A leauen at all.

Do ye nycke vs be knaue your noly. Iſma
Ten myne Iniq
Syre myne, Iſma
Haue at it, and it were for all my fathers kyne, caſteth
It is loſt by his woundes, and ten to one,
Take the dice Dalila, caſt on. Iniq
Come on kyne, (ſhe caſteth, & they ſet. Dalil
Thryue at fayreſt.
Gup whore, and I at reſt, Iſma
Bi gogs bloud, I wene god & the deuyl be agenſt me He loſeth Iniqu
If thone forſake the, thother wyll take the, Iſma
Then is he a good felow, I would not paſſe,
So that I myght beare a rule in hell by the maſſe,
to toſſe fierbrandes at theſe penyfathers pates,
I would be porter and receiue them at the gates,
In boyling lead & brimſton, I wold ſethe thē ech one
The knaues haue al ỹ mony, good felows haue none
Play brother, haue ye loſt all your money now? Dalila
yea, I thanke that knaue and ſuche a whore as ỹ, Iſmae
Tis no marter, I wyll haue money or I wil ſwete,
By gogs bloud I wyll robbe the next I mete.
yea, and it be my father. (he goeth out.
Thou boy, by the maſſe ye wyl clyme the ladder, Iniqu
Ah ſira, I loue a wenche that can be wylye:
She perceyued my mind, with a twinke of myne eie,
If we two play boody on any man,
We wyll make him as bare as Job anone,
Wel Dalila, let ſe what ye haue won,
Sir, I had .x. ſhillinges when I begon, Dalila.
And here is all, euery fartyng, They tell
ye lye lyke a whoore, ye haue won a pound, Iniqut.
Then the deuyll ſtrike me to the grounde, Dalila.

Iniqui. I will tele yoꝛ fyther, by youꝛ leaue mestres,
Dalila. I way knaue, not mine by the masse,
Iniqui. yes bi god, & geue you this to boot, he geueth her
Dalila. Out hoꝛeson knaue, I beshꝛew thy heꝛt roote (a boꝛ
wilt thou rob me & beat me to?
Iniqui. In the way of coꝛrection but a blowe oꝛ twoo.
Dalila. Coꝛrect thy dogges thou shalt not beate me,
I wyl make youꝛ knaues flesshe cut I warrant the,
ye thynke I haue no frendes, yes I haue in stoꝛe,
A good felow oꝛ two percaunce moꝛe.
the goodyea, by the masse they shall boꝛe you foꝛ this geare,
Iniqui. A knaue I foꝛnd the, a knaue I leaue the here.
Cup whoꝛe, do ye heare this iade?
Louing when is pleased,
When she is angry thus shꝛewd,
Thiefe bꝛother, fyller whoꝛe,
Two grafles of an yll tree,
I wyl taꝛy no longer here,
Fare well, god be with ye. he goeth out
Dalila. Alas wꝛetched wꝛetche that I am,
ommeth in ragged, her ace, hid, oꝛ isfigured attinge on stage.
Most miseꝛable caitife that euer was boꝛne,
Full of payne and soꝛow, croked and lome.
Stuft with diseases in this woꝛld foꝛlome.
My seno wes be shꝛonken, my flesh eaten w pocks
My bones ful of ache, & great payne,
My head is bald, that bare yelowe loches,
Croked I cꝛepe to the eaꝛth agayne,
Mine eie sight is dimme, my hands tꝛemble & shake
My stomake abhoꝛreth all kynd of meate,
Foꝛ lache of clothes, great colde I take,
When appetite seꝛueth, I can get no meate.
Where I was layꝛe and amiable of face,

Now am I foule and horrible to se,
All this I haue I deserued for lacke of grace,
Iustly for my sinnes god doth plague me.
My parentes did tiele me, they were to blame,
In steade of correction in yll did me maintain:
I fell no naught, and shall dye with shame
yet all thys is not halfe of my greife and payne.
The worme of my conscience ỳ shall neuer dye,
Accuseth me dayly more and more:
So oft haue I sinned wilfully,
That I feare to be damned for euermore.
What wofull wight art thou? tell me, Barna-
That here most greuously doest lament, bas.
Confesse the truth, and I wil comfort the,
By the word of god omnipotent:
Although your tyme ye haue mispent,
Repent and amend while ye haue space,
And god wyll restore you to health and grace.
To tell you who I am I dare not for shame, Dalila.
But my filthy liuing hath brought me in this case,
Full oft for my wantonnes you dyd me blame,
yet to take your councel I had not the grace,
To be restored to health, alas it is past,
Disease hath brought me into suche decay,
Helpe me with your almose, while my lyfe doth laste
That like a wretche as I am, I may go my way.
Shewe me your name sister I you pray, Barna-
And I wil helpe you now at your nede, bas.
Both body and soule wyl I fede.
your haue named me already, if I dust be so bold Dalila.
you sister Dalila, that wreche I am,
My wanton nice toyes ye knew of olde.

Alas brother they haue brought me to thys shame,
whē you went to scole, my brother & I wold play
Sweare, chide, & scodle with man and woman,
To do shrewde turnes, our delyte was alwaye,
yet were we tidled, and you beaten now & than,
Thus our parentes let vs do what we woulde,
And you by correction they kepthe vnder awe:
when we grewe bigge, we were sturdye and bolde
By father and mother we set not a straw,
Small matter for me, I am past,
But your brother and mine is in great ieoperdy:
In daunger to come to shame at the last,
Ye frameth hys liuyng so wyckedly.
Barnabas. well sister, I euer feared ye would be nought,
your lewde behauiours sore greue my hart:
to trayn you to goodnes, al meanes haue I sought,
But in vaine, yet wyl I play a brotherly part.
For ỹ the soul is more precyous, most derely bought
with the bloud of Christe, dying therfore:
To saue it first, a meane must be sought,
At gods hand by Christe, mannes onely sauior.
Consider Dalila, goddes fatherly godnes,
which for your good, hath brought you in thys case.
Scourged you with hys rod of pure loue doubtles.
that ones knowing your self, ye might cal for grace,
ye seme to repent, but I doubt whater,
For your sinnes, or for the misery ye be in:
Earnestly repent for your synne rather,
For these plagues be but the reward of sinne,
But so repent that ye sinne no more,
And then beleue with stedfast faith:
That god wyll forgeue you for euermore,

For

For Chrystes sake, as the scripture sayth.
As for your bodye, if it be curable,
I wyll cause to be healed, or duryng your life:
I wyl clothe you, and fete you as I am able,
Come sister, go with me, ye haue nede of relief.
As a iudge of the countrey here am I come,
Sent by the kynges Maiestye, Justyce to do:
Chiefly to procede in iudgement of a felon,
I tary for the verdite of the quest ere I go.
Go baily, know whether they be all a greed or no
If they be so, byd them come away
And bring their prisoner, I wold hear what they say
I go my Lord, I go, to soone for one,
He is lyke to play a cast, wil breake his necke bone,
I beseche your lordshyp be good to hym,
The man is come of good kynne,
If your Lordshyp would be so good to me,
As for my sake to set hym free,
I could haue .xx. pount in a purse,
yea, and your Lordshyp a right faire horse,
well worth ten pound.
Get the away thou hell hound,
If ye were well examined and tried,
Perchaunce a false knaue ye would be spyed,
Bribes (saith Salomon) blind ye wise mans sight
That he can not se to geue iudgement right,
Should I be a bribar? nay, he shall haue the law
As I owe to god and the kyng obedience and awe.
Ye be tyed fayre ynough for runnyng away
If ye do not after me, ye wyll be hanged I dare say
If thou tell no tales, but holde thy toungue,
I wyl set the at lybertye ere it be longe,

Though thou be iudged to dye anon,
dge. Come on sirs, I pray you come on,
Be you all agreed in one? one of thē speketh
yea my Lord, euery chone, for ỹ quest.
dge. where Ismael was intided by xii. men,
Of felony, burglary, and murdre,
As thinditement declareth, howe, where, and when
ye heard it read to you lately in ordre:
you with the rest, I trust all true men,
Be charged vpō your othes to gyue verdyte directly,
a for the whether Ismael therof be gilty or not gilty.
niqui. Gilty (my Lord) and most gilty.
udge. wilt thou hange my Lord, horeson noddy?
niqui. The lorde haue mercy vpon the,
udge. Tut the, holde thy tonge and I warrant the.
Thou shalt go to the place thou camst fro,
Tyl to morow .ix. of the cloche, there to remain,
To the place of execution then shalt thou go,
There be hanged to death, and after again,
Being dead, for ensample, to be hanged in a chain.
Take hym away, and se it be done,
At your perill that may fall thereupon.
smael Though I be iudged to dye, I require respite,
For the hinges aduantage in thinges I can recite,
niqui. A way with him he wyll speake but of spyte,
udge. well, we will heare you say what you can.
But se that ye wrongfully accuse no man.
smael I wyll be lye no man, but thys I may say,
Here standeth he that brought me to thys wayes
niqui. My Lorde, he lyeth like a dampned knaue,
The feare of death doth make hym raue,
smael His naughtye company and playe at dice,

Dyd

Dyd me first to stealyng entice.
He was to me at roberies, I say it to his face,
yet can I say more in tyme & space,
Thou hast said to much, I beshrew thi horsons face Iniqu
Hange him my Lord, out of the way,
The thief careth not what he doth say
Let me be hangman, I wil teathe him a sleight,
For feare of tallyng. I wil strangle him streight,
Tary here that lyst, for I wyl go. he would go.
No no my frend, not so, Judg
I thought alwayes ye should not be good,
And now it wil proue, I se by the rood, They te
Take him and lay him in yrons stronge, him in a
me wil talke with you more ere it be longe, ter. he fi
He that layeth handes on me in this place, teth to th
I che lay my brawlyng yron on his face: Iniqu
By gogs bloud I defye thy worst,
If thou shouldest hange me I were a curst.
I haue bene at as low an ebbe as this,
And quychely aloft again by gisse:
I haue mo frendes then ye thynke I haue,
I am entertained of all men lyke no slaue:
yea, within this moneth I may say to you,
I wyl be your seruaunt, and your maister to,
ye, crepe into your brest, wyl ye haue it so?
I way with them both, leade them away, Judge
At his death tell me what he doth say,
For then be lyke he wyll not lye,
I care not for you both, no not a fly: they lead the Iniqui
If no man haue here, more matter to say (out. Judge
I must go hence some other way. he goeth out
Hah ha, though I come in rudely be not agast, worldly
I must worke a feate in al the hast, shame.

I haue caught two byrdes, I wyll set for the dame,
If I catche her in my clutche, I wyl her tame.
Of all thys while know ye not my name?
I am right worshipfull maister worldly shame,
The matter that I come now about,
Is euen thys, I put you out of dought.
There is none Xantippe, a curst shrew,
I thynke al the world doth her knowe,
Suche a iade she is and so curst a quene,
She would out scold the deuils dame I wene.
Sirs thys fine woman, had babes three,
Twayne the derest darlinges that might be,
Ismael and faire Dalila, these two,
With the loute Barnabas, I haue nothyng to do.
Alwas good, that these tidlynges do might,
Sweare, lye, steale, scolde or fight:
Cardes, dyce, hysse, clippe and so furth,
All this our Mammy would take in good worth.
Now sir, Dalila my daughter is dead of ỹ pockes
And my son hanged in chaynes, & waueth his lockes
These newes wil I tel her, and the matter so frame
That she shal be thyne owne mayster worldly shame.
Hah ha ha.

Xantippe commeth in

Peace, peace, she comweth hereby,
I spoke no word of her, no not I,
Oh Mestres Xantippe, I can tell you nedes,
The fayre wenche your dere daughter Dalila,
Is dead of the pockes, taken at the stewes,
And thy sonne Ismael that preaty boy
Whom I dare say you loued very well,
Is hanged in chaynes, euer man can tell.
Euery man saith thy daughter was a strong whore

And

And thy sonne a strong chiel, & a murderer to
It must nedes greue you wonderous sore,
That they died so shamefully both two:
Men wyl taunt you and mock you, for they say now
The cause of their death, was euen verye you,
Is the cause of their death? She wold sowne
Will ye sowne, the deuyl stop thy breath?
Thou shalt die (I trow) with more shame
I wyl get me hence out of the way,
If thy whore should dye, men would me blame,
That I killed her, knaues should say. Exit.
Alas alas, and weale away,
I may curse the time that I was borne,
Neuer woman had suche fortune, I dare say,
Alas two of my children be forlorne.
My fatre daughter Dalila is dead of the pockes,
My dere sonne Ismael hanged vp in chaynes,
Alas the wynd waueth his yelow lockes,
It fleaeth my heart, and breaketh my braynes.
Why should god punish & plague me so sore?
To se my children dye so shamefully,
I wil neuer eate bread in this world more
Wt this knife wyl I slay my self by & by.
Beware what ye do, eye mother eye,
Wyl ye spyl your selfe for your own offence
And seme for euer to exclude gods mercy,
God doth punyth you for your negligence:
Wherfore take his correction with pacience,
And thanke him hertely, that of his godnes
He bringeth you in knowledge of your trespas.
For when my brother & sister were of yonge age,
you saw they were geuen to ydlenes and play,

Fatippe wordly shame.

She wold stick her self a with a knife.

Fatippe

Barnabas.

Would apply no learnyng, but liue in outrage,
And men complagned on them euery day.
ye winked at theyr faultes, and tided them alway,
By maintenaunce they grew to mischief and yll,
So at last gods Iustice did them both spill.
In that god preserued me, small thanke to you
If god had not geuen me speciall grace,
To auoyd euil, and do good, this is true,
I had liued and dyed in as wretched case:
As they did, for I had both suffraunce and space,
But it is an olde prouerbe, you haue herd it I thynk
That god wyl haue se, shall not wynke.
yet in this we may al take comfort,
They tohe great repentaunce I heard say,
And as for my sister, I am able to report,
She lamented for her sinnes, to her dyng day:
To repent and beleue I exorthed her alway,
Before her death she beleued that god of his mercy
For Christes sake, would saue her eternally.
If you do euen so, ye nede not despaire,
For god will frely remitte your sinnes all,
Christe hath payed the raunsom, why should ye fear.
To beleue this and do well, to god for grace call.
All worldly cares let passe and fall,
And thus comfort my father, I pray you hertely,
Tatippe goeth out, I haue a lytle to say, I wyl come by and by.
Right gentle audience, by thys Interlude ye mayse
How daungerous it is, for the frailtye of youth,
Without good gouernaunce, to lyue at libertye,
Suche chaunces as these, oft happen of truth
Many miscary, it is the more ruth,
By negligence of their elders, & not taking payne.

In

In tyme good learnyng & qualities to attayne.
Therfore exhortyng al parentes to be diligent,
In bringing vp their children, yea to be circumspect
Least they fall to euill, be not negligent,
But chastice them before they be fore infect:
Accept their well doing in yll them reiect,
A yonge plant ye may platte & bowe as ye wyll,
Where it groweth strong, there wyll it abyde styll
Euen so by chyldren in theyr tender age,
ye may worke them like ware, to your own entent
But if ye suffer them longe to liue in outrage,
They wil be sturdy and stiffe, and will not relent:
O ye chyldren, let your tyme be well spent,
Applye your learnyng and your elders obey,
It wil be your profit an other day.
Now, for the Quenes Royal maiestie let vs pray, The knele downe
That god (in whose handes is ỹ hert of al Quenes,)
Maye endue her highnes w̄ godly puissance alwaye
That her grace may long raign & prosper in al things
In gods word & iustice may giue light to al Quenes
Let vs pray for the honorable councel & nobilitie,
That they may alwayes cou̇sel in wisdō w̄ trāquility, He make curtesy a goeth ou
God saue the Quene, the Realme and comunaltie.

Finis.

A songe.

¶ It is good to be mery,
But who can me mery?
He that hath a pure conscience,
He may well be mery.

¶ Who hath a pure conscience tel me?
No man of him self, I ensure the,
Then must it folow of necessitie,
That no man can be mery.

¶ Spiritie it selfe may purenes geue,
you must aske it of God in true beleue,
Then wyl he geue it, and none repreue,
And so we may be mery.

¶ What is the practice of a conscience pure?
To loue and feare God, and other allure,
And for his sake, to helpe hys neighbour,
Then may he well be mery.

¶ What shall he haue, that can and wil do this
After this life, euerlasting blisse,
yet not by desert, but by gyft ywisse,
There god make vs all mery.

¶ Finis.

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